

The Historie of

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle,*  
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horse, you rogues, Giue me my Horse, and be hangd.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fal.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thoulyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

*Fal.* I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my Horse, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ossler?

*Fal.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when icast is so forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poinces* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

Henry the fourth

*Peto.* But how many be they of

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not rob

*Prin.* What! a coward Sir *John*

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt* yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to

*Poynes.* Sirra *Iacke*, thy horse stand thou needest him, there thou shalt find

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him if

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disgs

*Poynes.* Here hard by, stand close

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happy man to his businesse.

*Enter the Trauellers*

*Tra.* Come neighbour, the boye the hil, weele walke a foote a while

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, horefon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues chuffes, I would your store were hore knaues? young men must liue, you weele iure yee yf aith.

*Here they rob them and the Prince*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound thou and I rob the theeues, and goe be argument for a weeke, laughter for euer.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I heare them

*Enter the Theeues*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, let vs fore day: and the *Prince* & *Poynes* know theres no equity stirring, theres no than in a wild Duck.